Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what soere they be.
Bassia. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Actæons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue shie'd your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bassian. Beleeue me Queene your swarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sauing, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Rauen coulloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

3 quarrels. 5 of her. 9. of my—
13 upon thy new transformed— 27 Accompanied
but with.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason think you to looke pale
These two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Misselto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calld me foule adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bittrest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Stab him.*
Chiron. And this for me strook home to shew my strength
Lauinia, I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.

26 Lasciuious—

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